

# SATYRS<sup>3</sup>

UPON THE

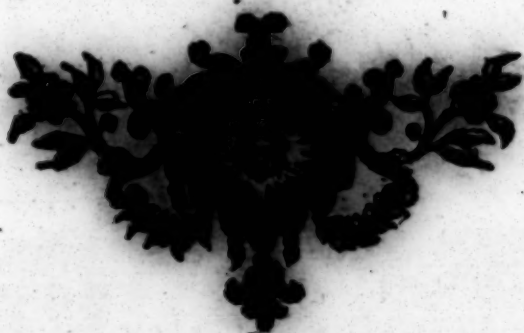
## JESUITS:

Written in the YEAR 1679.  
And very applicable to the present  
Times.

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By Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

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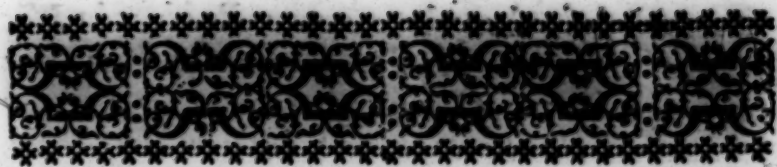
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DUBLIN:

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54... 318



## Advertisement.

**T**HE Author might here (according to the laudable Custom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Discourse of the Original, Progress, and Rules of Satyr, and let him understand, that he has lately read Casaubon, and several other Criticks upon the Point; but at present he is minded to wave it, as a Vanity he is in no wise fond of. His only Intent now is to give a brief Account of what he Publishes, in order to prevent what Censures he foresees may colourably be past thereupon. And that is as followeth:

What he calls the Prologue, is in imitation of Persius, who has prefix'd somewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may serve for a pretty good Authority. The First Satyr he drew by Sylla's Ghost in the great Johnson, which may be perceived by Strokes and Touches therein, however short they came of the Original. In the Second, he only followed the Swing of his own Genius, the Design, and some Passages of the Franciscan of Buchanan. Which ingenious Confession he thinks fit to make, to shew he has

more Modesty than the common Padders in Wit of these Times. He doubts, there may be some few Mistakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could not inform himself in. If the skilful Reader meet with any such, he may the more easily pardon them upon that Score. Whence he had the hint of the Fourth, is Obvious to all that are any thing acquainted with Horace. And without the Authority of so great a President, the making of an Image speak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects that some will tax him with Buffoonry, and turning holy things into Ridicule. But let them read how severely Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, and the gravest Fathers, have rally'd the Fopperies and Superstitions of the Heathen, and then consider whether those, which he has chosen for his Argument, are not as worthy of Laughter. The only Difference is, that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.





# SATYRS

UPON THE

## JESUITS.

### PROLOGUE.

**F**OR who can longer Hold, when every *Press*,  
 The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace?  
 When every scribbling *Fool* at the Alarms  
 Has drawn his Pen, and rises up in Arms;  
 And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,  
 But vents his Gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?  
 When all with License *Rail*, and who will not,  
 Must be almost suspected of the *PLOT*,  
 And bring his *Zeal* or else his Parts in doubt?  
 In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*;  
 In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose;  
 Mistaken honest Men, who gravely *blame*,  
 And hope that gentle *Doctrine* should reclaim.  
 Are *Texts*, and such exploded *Trifles* fit  
 To impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit*?  
 Would they the dull old *Fisher-men* compare  
 With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar*?  
 Such Thread-bare *Proofs*, and Stale *Authorities*  
 May *Us* poor simple *Hereticks* suffice:

But



But to a fear'd *Ignatian's* Conscience,  
 Harden'd, as his own Face with Impudence,  
 Whose Faith in Contradiction bore, whom Lies,  
 Nor Non-Sense, nor Impossibilities,  
 Nor Shame, nor Death, nor Damning can assail :  
 Not these Mild Fruitless Methods will avail.

'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *Sharps* of Wit,  
 For such a *Prize* are th' only Weapons fit :  
 Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,  
 Where *Indignation* can create a *Muse* :  
 Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very Spite  
 Would make the arrant'st *Wild*, or *Withers* write.

It is resolv'd : Henceforth an endless War,  
 I and my *Muse* with them, and theirs declare ;  
 Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,  
 Nor private *Daggers*, nor *St. Omer's Dose*,  
 Nor all that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,  
 Shall from my vow'd, and sworn *Revenge* deter.

Sooner shall false *Court-Favourites* prove just,  
 And Faithful to their King's, and Country's Trust :  
 Sooner shall they detest the Tricks of *State*,  
 And Knav'ry, Suits, and Bribes, and Flatt'ry hate :  
*Baruds* shall turn *Nuns*, *Salt D——s* grow chaste,  
 And Paint, and Pride, and Letchery detest :  
*Popes* shall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,  
 And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be try'd :  
 Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)  
 Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola* and *Hell*  
 Give o're to Plot, be Villains, and rebel,  
 Than I with utmost Spite and Vengeance cease  
 To Prosecute and Plague their cursed Race.

The Rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*  
 Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or proffer'd Lust denied ;  
 The Malice of *Religious* angry Zeal,  
 And all, cashier'd resenting *States-men* feel :  
 What prompts dire *Hags* in their own Blood to write  
 And sell their very Souls to Hell for spite :  
 All this urge on my Rank envenom'd Spleen,  
 And with keen *Satyr* edge my Stabbing Pen :

That

## PROLOGUE

7

That its each home-set Thrust their Blood may draw,  
Each drop of Ink like *Aqua fortis* gnaw.

Red hot with Vengeance thus, I'll brand Disgrace  
So Deep, no Time shall e'er the Marks Deface :

'Till my severe and exemplary Doom

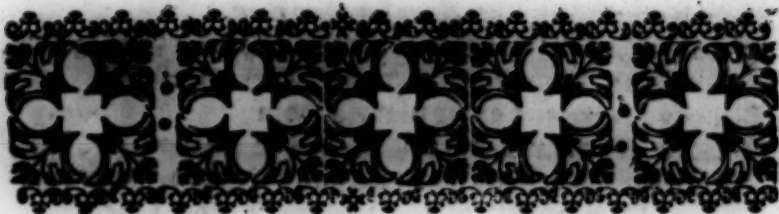
Spread wider than their Guilt, till it become

More dreaded than the *Bar*, and frighten worse

Than Damning *Pope's Anathema's*, and Curse



SATYR



# SATYR I.

*Garnet's Ghost addressing to the Jews,  
suits, met in private Cabal just  
after the Murder of Godfrey.*

**B**Y *Hell* 'twas bravely done! what less than  
this? }  
What *Sacrifice* of meaner Worth, and Price  
Could we have offer'd up for our Success?  
So fare all they, who e'er provoke our Hate,  
Who by like Ways presume to tempt their Fate;  
Fare each like this bold meddling Fool, and be  
As well secur'd, as well dispatch'd as he:  
Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain  
His reaking Gore, and drink up ev'ry Vein!  
That were a glorious *Sanction*, much like thine,  
Great *Roman*! made upon a like Design:  
Like Thine; we scorn so mean a *Sacrament*,  
To seal and consecrate our high Intent, }  
We scorn base Blood should our great League cement:  
Thou did'st it with a Slave, but we think good  
To bind our Treason with a bleeding God.

Would it were *His* (why should I fear to Name,  
Or you to Hear't?) at which we nobly aim!  
Lives yet that hated *En'my* of our Cause?  
Lives *He* our mighty Projects to oppose?

# upon the JESUITS.

b

Can *His* weak Innocence, and Heaven's Care  
Be thought Security from what we dare?  
Are you then *Jesuits*? are you so for nought?  
In all the *Catholick* Depths of Treason taught?  
In *Orthodox*, and solid *Pois'ning* read?  
In each profounder Art of Killing bred?  
And can you fail, or bungle in your Trade?  
Shall one poor *Life* your Cowardice upbraid?  
Tame dastard Slaves! who your *Profession* shame,  
And fix Disgrace on your great *Founder's* Name.

Think what late *Sect'ries* (an ignoble Crew,  
Not worthy to be rank'd in Sin with you)  
Inspir'd with lofty Wickedness, durst do:  
How from his Throne they hurl'd a Monarch down,  
And doubly eas'd him of both Life and Crown:  
They scorn in Covert their bold Act to hide,  
In open Face of Heav'n the work they did,  
And brav'd its Vengeance, and its Pow'rs defy'd.  
This is his Son, and mortal too like him,  
Durst you usurp the Glory of the Crime?  
And dare ye not? I know, you scorn to be  
By such as *they*, out-done in Villany,  
Your proper *Province*; True, you urg'd them on,  
Were Engines in the Fast, but they alone  
Shar'd all the open Credit, and Renown.

But hold! I wrong our *Church* and *Cause*, which  
need

No foreign Instance, nor what others did:  
Think on that matchless *Assassin*, whose Name  
We with just Pride can make our happy Claim;  
He, who at killing of an *Emperour*,  
To give his Poison stronger Force and Pow'r  
Mixt a God with't, and made it work more sure:  
Blest Memory! which shall through Age to come  
Stand sacred in the Lists of *Hell* and *Rome*.

Let our great *Element* and *Ravillac's* Name,  
Your Spirits to like Heights of Sin inflame;  
Those mighty *Souls*, who bravely chose to die  
T' have each a *Royal Ghost* their Company.

B

Heroick



Heroick Act ! and worth their Tortures well,  
Well worth the suff'ring of a double Hell,  
That they felt here, and that below they feel.

And if these cannot move you as they shou'd  
Let me and my *Example* fire your Blood :

Think on my vast Attempt, a glorious Deed,  
Which durst the Fates have suffer'd to succeed,  
Had rival'd *Hell's* most proud *Exploit*, and *Boast*,  
Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of Fates* depos'd.  
Curst be the Day, and ne'er in Time inroll'd,  
And curst the Star whose spiteful Influence rul'd  
The luckless Minute, which my Project spoil'd :

Curse on the *Pow'r*, who, of himself afraid,  
My Glory with my brave Design betray'd :  
Justly he fear'd, least I, who strook so high  
In Guilt, should next blow up his Realm, and Sky :  
And so I had ; at least I would have durst,  
And failing, had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my Bravery in Sin,  
Your Work had never thus unfinish'd been :  
Had I been Man, and the great Act to do ;  
H'ad dy'd by this, and been what I am now,  
Or what *His Father* is : I would leap Hell  
To reach *His Life*, tho' in the midst I fell,  
And deeper than before,——

Let rabble Souls, of narrow Aim, and Reach,  
Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach :  
Let them with slavish, Aw (disdain'd by me)

Adore the Purple Rag of Majesty,  
And think't a sacred Relick of the Sky :

Well may those Fools a base Subjection own,  
Vassals to every *As* that loads a Throne :

Unlike the Soul, with which proud I was born,  
Who could that sneaking thing, a *Monarch*, scorn,  
Spurn off a Crown, and set my Foot in Sport  
Upon the Head, that wore it, trod in Dirt.

But say, what is't that binds your Hands ? do's Fear  
From such a glorious Action you deter ?

Or is't Religion ? but you sure disclaim

That frivolous Pretence, that empty Name :

Meer bugbear Word, devis'd by *Us* to scare  
 The senseless Rout to Slavishness and Fear,  
 Ne'er known to Aw the Brave, and those, that dare.  
 Such weak and feeble Things may serve for Checks  
 To Rein, and Curb base mettled *Hereticks*,  
 Dull Creatures, whose nice bogling Consciences  
 Startle, or strain at such slight Crimes as these;  
 Such, whom fond inbred Honesty befools,  
 Or that old musty Piece the *Bible* gulls:  
 That hated *Book*, the Bulwark of our *Foes*,  
 Whereby they still uphold the tott'ring Cause,  
 Let no such Toys mislead you from the Road  
 Of Glory, nor infect your Souls with Good;  
 Let never bold incroaching Virtue dare,  
 With her Grim Holy Face, to enter there;  
 No, not in very *Dream*; have only will  
 Like *Friends* and *Me* to covet, and Act ill:  
 Let true substantial Wickedness take Place,  
 Usurp and Reign; let it the very Trace  
 (If any yet be left) of Good Deface,  
 If ever Qualms of inward Cowardise  
 (The things, which some dull Sots call Conscience)  
 rise,

Let them in Streams of Blood and Slaughter drown,  
 Or with new Weights of Guilt still press 'em down,  
 Shame, Faith, Religion, Honour, Loyalty,  
 Nature it self, whatever Checks there be  
 To loose, and uncontroul'd Impiety,  
 Be all extinct in you; own no Remorse  
 But that you've balk'd a Sin, have been no worse,  
 Or to much pity shewn,  
 Be diligent in Mischiefs Trade, be each  
 Performing as a *Dev'l*; nor stick to reach  
 At Crimes most Dangerous; where bold Despair,  
 Mad Lust, and heedless blind Revenge would ne'er  
 Ev'n look, march You without a Blush, or Fear,  
 Inflam'd by all the Hazards that oppose,  
 And firm, as burning *Martyrs*, to your Cause,  
 Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be  
 Disciples of great *Loyola* and *Me*;

Worthy to undertake, worthy a Plot  
Like this, and fit to scourge a *Huguenot*.

Plagues on that *Name*! may swift Confusion seize,  
And utterly blot out the cursed Race :  
Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom  
Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome* :  
Whose pois'nous Filth, dropt from ingendring Brain,  
By Monstrous Birth did the vile *Insects* Spawn,  
Which now infest each Country, and defile  
With their o'erspreading Swarms this goodly *Isle*,  
Once it was ours, and subject to our Yoke,  
Till a late reigning *Witch* th' Enchantment broke.  
It shall again, *Hell* and I say't, have ye  
But Courage to make good the Prophecy :  
Nor Fate it self shall hinder.——

Too sparing was the Time, too mild the Day,  
When our great *Mary* bore the *English* Sway ?  
Unqueenlike Pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,  
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.

Four, or Five Hundred, such like petty Sum  
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome* :  
Scarce-worth the naming : Had I had the Pow'r,  
O'been thought fit t' have been her *Counsellor*,  
She should have rais'd it to a nobler Score.  
Big *Bonfires* should have blaz'd and shone each Day,  
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our Way :  
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane and Street,  
Thick flaming *Hereticks* should serve to Light,  
And save the needless Charge of *Links* by Night ;  
*Smithfield* should still have kept a constant Fire,  
Which never should be quench'd, never expire,  
But with the Lives of all the *Miscreant Rout*,  
Till the last gasping Breath had blown it out.

So *Nero* did, such was the prudent Course  
Taken by all his mighty Successors,  
To tame like *Hereticks* of Old by Force.  
They scorn'd dull Reason, and pedantick Rules  
To conquer and reduce the harden'd *Fools* :  
*Racks*, *Gibbets*, *Halters*, were their Arguments,  
Which did most undeniably convince :

Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the Dispute,  
 And reverend *Bears* their Doctrines did confute :  
 And all, who would stand out in stiff Defence,  
 They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into Sense :  
 Better than all our *Sorhan Dotards* now,  
 Who would by Dint of Words our *Foes* subdue.  
 This was the rigid *Discipline* of Old,  
 Which modern Sots for *Persecution* hold ;  
 Of which dull *Annalists* in Story tell  
 Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* swell  
 With *Martyr'd Fools*, that lost their way to Hell. }

From these, our *Church's* glorious *Ancestors*,  
 We've learnt our Arts, and made their *Methods* ours ;  
 Nor have we come behind, the least Degree,  
 In Acts of rough and manly Cruelty :  
 Converting Faggots, and the pow'rful Stake,  
 And Sword resistsless our *Apostles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus  
 Were all the num'rous *Profelytes* of *Huss*  
 Crush'd with their Head, so *Waldo's* cursed Rout,  
 And those of *Wickliff* here were routed out, (chose,  
 Their Names scarce left. — Sure were the means, we  
 And wrought prevailingly : *Fire* purg'd the Dross  
 Of those foul *Heresies*, and *Sovereign Steel*  
 Lopt off th'infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his  
 A Deed, for which the Day deserves its *Red* (Deed, }  
 Far more than for a paltry *Saint* that died.  
 How goodly was the Sight ! how fine the Show !  
 When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow  
 The Blood of *Huguenots* ; when the full *Sein*,  
 Swell'd with the Flood, its Banks with Joy o'er-ran !  
 He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal  
 By Parcels and Piece-meal ; he scorn'd *Retail*  
 Pth Trace of Death ; whole Myriads died by th'  
 great, }

Soon as one single Life ; so quick their Fate,  
 Their very Pray'rs and Wishes came too late.

This a *King* did ; and Great and Mighty 'twas,  
 Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r, and Place,

And



And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause* ?  
 Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Mac-gwire* arose,  
 The bold *Mac-gwire* (who read in modern Fame,  
 Can be a Stranger to his Worth, and Name ?)  
 Born to out-sin a *Monarch*, born to reign  
 In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain.  
 Dread Memory ! whose each mention still can make  
 Pale *Hereticks* with trembling Horror quake,  
 T' undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a Crime  
 Like this, who would not fall and die like him ?  
 Never had *Rome* a nobler Service done,  
 Never had *Hell* ; each Day came thronging down,  
 Vast Shoals of Ghosts, and mine was pleas'd and glad,  
 And smil'd, when it the brave Revenge survey'd.

Nor do I mention these great Instances  
 For Bounds and Limits to your Wickedness :  
 Dare you beyond, something out of the Road  
 Of all Example, where none yet have trod,  
 Nor shall hereafter : What mad *Catiline*  
 Durst never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign.  
 Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confess,  
 How much a *Christian Crime* can conquer his :  
 How far in gallant Mischief overcome,  
 The *Old* must yield to *new*, and *modern Rome* :  
 Mix *Ills* past, present, future, in one Act,  
 One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact,  
 Which *Hell* and *very* I may envy——  
 Such as a *God* himself might wish to be  
 A Complice in the mighty *Villany*,  
 And barter's *Heaven*, and vouchsafe to die.

Nor let Delay (the Bane of Enterprize)  
 Marr yours, or make the great Importance miss :  
 This Fact has wak'd your *En'mies*, and their Fear ;  
 Let it your Vigor too, your Haste and Care :  
 Be swift, and let your Deeds forestal Intent,  
 Forestal ev'n Wishes, e'er they can take vent,  
 Nor give the Fates the Leisure to prevent :  
 Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap  
 Your gath'ring Thunder, now with sudden Clap



Break out upon your *Foes* ; dash, and confound,  
And spread a voidless Ruin all around.

Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give Light ;  
You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite :  
Do't more effectually ; I'd see it glow  
In Flames unquenchable as those below :  
I'd see the *Miscreants* with their Houses burn,  
And all together into Ashes turn.

Bend next your Fury to the curst *Divan* ;  
That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain  
Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the Bane:  
Unkenne! those *State-Foxes* where they lie  
Working your speedy Fate, and Destiny :  
Lug by the Ears, the doting *Prelates* thence,  
Dash *Heresy* together with their Brains  
Out of their shatter'd Heads : Lop off the *Lords*  
And *Commons* at one Stroke, and let your Swords  
Adjourn 'em all to th' other World——

Would I were blest with Flesh and Blood again,  
But to be Actor in that happy Scene !  
Yet thus I will be by, and glut my View,  
Revenge shall take its fill, in State I'll go  
With captive *Ghosts* t'attend me down below.

Let these the Handsels of your Vengeance be,  
But stop not here, nor flag in Cruelty ;  
Kill like a Plague, or *Inquisition* ; spare  
No Age, Degree or Sex ; only to wear  
A Soul, only to own a Life, be here  
Thought Crime enough to lose't : no Time nor Place  
Be Sanctuary from your Outrages :  
Spare not in Churches kneeling *Priests* at Pray'r,  
Tho' interceeding for you, slay ev'n there :  
Spare not young *Infants* smiling at the Breast,  
Who from relenting Fools their Mercy wrest :  
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood  
From thence, and drown 'em in their *Mothers* Blood :  
Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender Cries,  
Tho' prostrate at your Feet with melting Eyes  
All drown'd in Tears ; strike Home as 'twere in Lust,  
And force their begging Hands to guide the Thrust :

Ravish

Ravish at th' Altar, kill when you have done;  
 Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one;  
 Nor let gray hoary Hairs Protection give  
 To *Age*, just crawling on the Verge of Life:  
 Snatch from its leaning Hands the weak Support;  
 And with it knock't into the Grave with Sport:  
 Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry;  
 You've kindly rid him of his Misery:

Seal up your Ears to Mercy, lest their Words  
 Should tempt a Pity, ram 'em with your Swords  
 (Their Tongues too) down their Throats; let 'em  
 not dare

To mutter for their Souls a gasping Pray'r  
 But in the Utt'rance choak't, and stab it there.  
 'Twere witty handsome Malice (could you do't)  
 To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.

Make Children by one Fate with Parents die,  
 Kill ev'n *Revenge* in next Posterity:  
 So you'll be pester'd with no Orphans Cries;  
 No childless Mothers curse your Memories:  
 Make Death and Desolation swim in Blood  
 Throughout the *Land*, with nought to stop the *Flood*  
 But slaughter'd Carcases; till the whole *Isle*  
 Become one *Tomb*, become one *Fun'ral Pile*;  
 Till such vast Numbers swell the countless Sum,  
 That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.

Great was that *Tyrant's* wish, which should be mine;  
 Did I not scorn the Leavings of a Sin;  
 Freely I would bestow't on *England* now,  
 That the whole Nation with one Neck might grow,  
 To be slic'd off, and you to give the Blow:  
 What neither *Saxon* Rage could here inflict,  
 Nor *Danes* more Savage, nor the barb'rous *Pist*;  
 What *Spain* or *Eighty Eight* could e'er devise,  
 With all its *Fleet* and *Freight* of Cruelties;  
 What ne'er *Medina* wish'd, much less could dare,  
 And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;  
 What may strike out dire Prodigies of Old,  
 And make their mild, and gentler Acts untold;

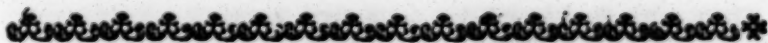
What

What Heav'n's Judgments, nor the angry Stars,  
Foreign Invasions, nor Domestick Wars,  
Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;  
All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.

But why do I with idle Talk delay  
Your Hands, and while they should be acting stay?  
Farewel——

If I may waste a Pray'r for your Success,  
Hell be your Aid, and your high Projects bless!  
May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,  
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity:  
If any here feel Pity or Remorse,  
May he feel all I've bid you Act, and Worse!  
May he by Rage of Foes unpitied fall,  
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.

May's Name and Carcase rot, expos'd alike to be  
The Everlasting Mark of Grinning Infamy!



## SATYR II.

NAV if our Sins are grown so high of late,  
That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our Fate,  
May't please some milder Vengeance to devise,  
Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this:  
Let it rain scalding Show'rs of *Brimstone* down,  
To burn us, as of Old the *Lustful Town*:  
Let a new *Deluge* overwhelm again,  
And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.  
Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,  
To have this worst of *Ills* remov'd away.  
Judgments of other kinds are often sent  
In Mercy only, not for Punishment:  
But where these light, they shew a Nation's Fate  
Is given up, and past for reprobate.

When God his Stock of Wrath on *Egypt* spent,  
To make a stubborn *Land* and *King* repent,  
Sparing the rest, had he this one Plague sent;

For this alone his *People* had been quit,  
And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Proselite*.

Wonder no longer why no *Curse* like these,  
Was known or suffer'd in the *Prim'tive Days* :  
They never sin'd enough to merit it,  
'Twas therefore what *Heavens* just *Pow'r* thought fit,  
To scourge this latter, and more sinful Age,  
With all the *Dregs*, and *Squeefings* of his *Rage*.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit  
For all her loss sustain'd in *Eighty Eight* ;  
For all the *Ills* our *Warlike Virgin* wrought,  
Or *Drake*, and *Rawleigh*, her great *Scourges* brought.  
Amplly she was *Revenge'd* in that one *Birth*,  
When *Hell* for her the *Biscain Plague* brought forth ;  
Great *Counter-Plague* ! in which unhappy we  
Pay back her *Suff'rings* with full *Usury* :  
Than whom alone none ever was design'd  
T' entail a wider *Curse* on *Human Kind* ;  
But he who first begot us, and first sin'd,  
Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,  
(Less damn'd at least, and less accurs'd than now)  
If early with less *Guilt* in *War* th' hadst dy'd,  
And from ensuing *Mischiefs* *Mankind* freed.  
Or when thou view'dst the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,  
Th' hadst suffer'd there thy *Brother Traitor's Doom* ;  
Curst be the *Womb*, that with the *Fire-brand* teem'd,  
Which ever since has the whole *Globe* inflam'd ;  
More curst that ill aim'd *Shot*, which basely mist,  
Which maim'd a *Limb*, but spar'd the hated *Breast*,  
And made th' at once a *Cripple* and a *Priest*.

But why this *Wish* ; The *Church* if so might lack  
*Champions*, good *Works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*.  
These are the *Janizaries* of the *Cause*,  
The *Life-Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, chose  
To break the *Force* of *Huguenots*, and *Foes*.  
The *Church's Hawkers* in *Divinity*,  
Who 'stead of *Lace* and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry :  
*Rome's Strowlers*, who survey each *Continent*,  
Its *Trinkets* and *Commodities* to vent.



Export the Gospel, like mere Ware for Sale,  
 And truck't for Indigo, and Cochineal.  
 As the known Factors here, the Brethren, once  
 Swopt Christ about for Bodkins, Rings, and Spoons.

And shall these great Apostles be contemn'd,  
 And thus by scoffing Hereticks defam'd;  
 They, by whose Means both Indies now enjoy  
 The two choice Blessings, Pox and Popery,  
 Which buried else in Ignorance had been,  
 Nor known the Worth of Beads and Bellarmin?

It pitied holy Mother Church to see  
 A World so drown'd in gross Idolatry:  
 It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold  
 Bad Errors and unpardonable Gold.  
 Strange! what a fervent Zeal can Coin infuse!  
 What Charity, Peices of Eight produce!  
 So you were chosen the fittest to reclaim  
 The Pagan World, and giv't a Christian Name.  
 And great was the Success; whole Myriads stood  
 At Font, and were baptiz'd in their own Blood.  
 Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn  
 Before their Time, be damn'd before their Turp.

Yet these were in Compassion sent to Hell,  
 The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,  
 Compell'd instead of Fiends to worship you,  
 The more inhuman Devils of the Two.  
 Rare Way and Method of Conversion this,  
 To make your Votaries your Sacrifice!  
 If to destroy be Reformation thought;  
 A Plague as well might the good Work have wrought.

Now see we why your Founder weary grown  
 Would lay his former Trade of Killing down;  
 He found 'twas dull, he found a Crown would be  
 A fitter Case and Badge of Cruelty.  
 Each sniv'ling Hero Seas of Blood can spill,  
 When Wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill:  
 Each tiny Bully Lives can freely bleed,  
 When press'd by Wine, or Punk, to knock o'th' Head.  
 Give me your thro'-pac'd Rogue, who scorns to be  
 Prompted by poor Revenge or Injury,  
 But does it of true inbred Cruelty;



Your cool and sober *Murderer* who prays,  
And stabs at the same Time, who one Hand has  
Stretch'd up to Heaven, t'other to make the Pass. }

So the late *Saints* of Blessed Memory,  
Cut Throats in Godly pure Sincerity :  
So they with lifted Hands and Eyes devout,  
Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor, *Cain*, (too good to be  
Thought Patron of this *Black Fraternity*)  
His bloody Tragedy of old design'd,  
One Death alone quench'd his revengeful Mind, }  
Content with but a Quarter of Mankind :  
Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on  
Their savage Cruelty, the rest had gone :  
His Hand had sent old *Adam* after too,  
And forc'd the Godhead to create a new. (thought

And yet 'twere well were their foul Guilt but  
Bare Sin : 'Tis something e'en to own a Fault.

But here the boldest Flights of Wickedness  
Are stamp'd Religion, and for curreant pass.  
The blackest, ugliest, horrid'st, damned'st Deed, }  
For which *Hell-Flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,  
If done for *Holy-Church* ; is sanctify'd.

This consecrates the blessed *Work* and *Tool* ;  
Nor must we ever after think 'em foul.  
To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,  
Are thus but petty Trifles, venial Things,  
Not worth a *Confessor* ; nay, Heaven shall be  
It self invok'd t' abet th' Impiety.

' Grant, gracious Lord, (*some Rev'rend Villian prays*)  
' That this, the bold Assertor of our Cause,  
' May with Success accomplish that great End,  
' For which he was by thee, and us design'd,  
' Do thou t'his Arm and Sword thy Strength impart,  
' And guide 'em steddy to the *Tyrant's* Heart.  
' Grant him for every meritorious Thrust  
' Degrees of Bliss above among the Just,  
' Where holy *Garnet*, and *S. Guy* are plac'd,  
' Whom Works like this, before have thither rais'd.

Where

' Where they are interceeding for us now,  
 ' For sure they're there. Yes, questionless, and so }  
 Good *Nero* is, and *Dioclesian* too,  
 And that great ancient Saint *Herostratus*,  
 And that great godly *Martyr* at *Tholouse*.

Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tow'r*,  
 If you'll be *canoniz'd*, and *Heav'n* insure.  
 Dull *prim'tive Fools* of old ! who would be good,  
 Who would by *Virtue* reach the blest *Abode* !  
 Far other are the *Ways* found out of late,  
 Which *Mortals* to that *Happy Place* translate,  
 Rebellion, Treason, Murder, *Massacre*,  
 The chief *Ingredients* now of *Saintship* are,  
 And *Tyburn* only stocks the *Calender*. }

Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill *Fate* or *Chance*  
 Threw him upon gross *Times* of *Ignorance* ;  
 Who knew not how to value or esteem  
 The *Worth* and *Merit* of a glorious *Crime* !  
 Should his kind *Stars* have let him *acted* now,  
 H'ad dy'd *absolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.

Hear'st thou, great *God* ! such daring *Blasphemy*,  
 And let'st thy patient *Thunder* still lie by ?  
 Strike, and *avenge*, lest impious *Atheists* say,  
*Chance* guides the *World*, and has usurp'd thy *Sway* ;  
 Lest these proud prosp'rous *Villains* too confess  
 Thou'rt senseless, as they make thy *Images*.  
 Thou just and sacred *Pow'r* ! wilt thou admit  
 Such *Guests* should in thy glorious *Presence* sit ?  
 If *Heav'n* can with such *Company* dispence ;  
 Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence* !

But this we only feign, all vain and false,  
 As their own *Legends*, *Miracles*, and *Tales*,  
 Either the groundless *Calumnies* of *Spito*,  
 Or idle *Rants* of *Poetry*, and *Wit*.

We wish they were ; but you hear *Garnet* cry,  
 ' I did it, and would do't again had I  
 ' As much of *Blood*, as many *Lives* as *Rome*  
 ' Has spilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom* ;  
 ' As many *Souls* as *Sins*, I'd freely stake  
 ' All them, and more for *Mother Church's* sake.

' For that I'll stride o'er Crowns, swim thro' a Flood  
 ' Made up of slaughter'd Monarchs Brains and Blood.  
 ' For that no *Lives* of *Hereticks* I'll spare,  
 ' But reap 'em down with less Remorse and Care  
 ' Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads of old,  
 ' Or we drop Beads, by which our Pray'rs are told.

Bravely resolv'd ! and 'twas as bravely dar'd :  
 But (lo ! ) the Recompence, and great Reward,  
 The *Weight* is to the *Almanack* prefer'd.

Rare Motives to be damn'd for holy Cause,  
 A few *Red Letters*, and some *painted Straws* !  
 Fools ! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*,  
 And play their Souls against no Stakes away !

'Tis strange with what an holy Impudence  
 The Villain *caught* maintains his Innocence ;  
 Denies with Oaths the Fact, until it be  
 Less Guilt to own it than the Perjury :  
 By th' *Mass*, and blessed Sacraments he swears,  
 This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,  
 And the whole Muster-roll in Calenders :  
 Not yet swallow the Falshood ? if all this  
 Won't gain a resty Faith ; he will on's Knees  
 Th' *Evangelists*, and *Lady's Psalter* kiss ;  
 To vouch the Lye, nay, more to make it good,  
 Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.  
 Damn'd faithless *Heretick* ! hard to convince,  
 Who trust no Verdict but dull obvious Sense.  
 Unconscionable *Courts*, who *Priests* deny  
 Their *Benefit o'th' Clergy*, Perjury.

Room for the *Martyr'd Saints*, behold they come !  
 With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom !  
 Not *Knights o'th' Post*, nor often carted *Whores*,  
 Shew more of Impudence, or less Remorse.

O glorious, and heroick Constancy !  
 That can forswear upon the *Cart*, and die  
 With gasping Souls expiring in a Lye.  
 None but tame sheepish *Criminals* repent,  
 Who fear the idle bugbear, Punishment.  
 Your gallant Sinner scorns that Cowardice,  
 The poor Regret of having done amiss ;

Brave he, to his first Principles still true,  
Can face Damnation, sin with *Hell* in view,  
And bid it take the Soul he does bequeath,  
And blow it thither with his dying Breath.

Dare such as these profess *Religion's* Name ?  
Who, should they own't, and be believ'd would shame  
Its Practice out o'th' World, would *Atheists* make  
Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake.  
Is *Heaven* for such, whose Deeds make *Hell* too good,  
Too mild a Penance for their cursed Brood ?  
For whose unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake,  
Fate must below new Sorts of Torture make,  
Since, when of old it fram'd, that Place of Doom,  
'Twas thought, no Guilt like this could thither come.

Base recreant Souls, would y' have Kings trust you,  
Who never yet kept your Allegiance true  
To any but *Hell's Prince*, who with more Ease  
Can swallow down most solemn Perjuries,  
Than a Town Bully common Oaths and Lies ?  
Are the French *Harry's* Fates so soon forgot ?  
Our last blest *Tudor*, or the *Powder Plot* ?  
And those fine Streamers, that adorn'd so long  
The *Bridge* and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,  
Were they not stoln, and now for Relicks gone ?

Think *Tories* loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters* ;  
Robb'd *Tygers* gentle ; courteous, fasting *Bears* ;  
*Atheists* devout, and thrice wrack'd *Mariners* :  
Take *Goats* for chaste, and cloister'd *Marmosites*  
For plain and open two-edg'd Parasites :  
Believe *Bawds* modest, and the Shameless *Stews*,  
And binding *Drunkards Oaths*, and *Strumpets Vows* :  
And when in Time these Contradictions meet,  
Then hope to find them in a *Loyolite* ;  
To whom thc' gasping, should I credit give,  
I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like Unbelief.

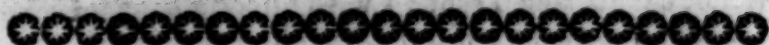
Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here !  
No Scare-crow frightens like a *Priest Gelder* ;  
Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy  
Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.



Or let that wholesome *Statute* be reviv'd,  
 Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd,  
 Tax every *Shire* instead of them to bring  
 Each Year a certain Tale of *Jesuits* in :  
 And let their mangled Quarters hang the *Isle*,  
 To scare all future Vermin from the Soil.  
 Monsters avant ! may some kind Whirlwind Sweep  
 Our Land, and drown these *Locusts* in the Deep :  
 Hence ye loath'd Objects of our Scorn and Hate,  
 With all the Curses of an Injur'd State :  
 Go, foul *Impostors*, to some duller Soil,  
 Some easier *Nation* with your Cheats beguile ;  
 Where your gross common Gulleries may pass,  
 To slur, and top on bubbled *Consciences* :  
 Where *Ignorance*, and th' *Inquisition* rules ;  
 Where the vile Herd of poor implicit *Fools*  
 Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led  
 Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide :  
 Go where all your black Tribe before are gone,  
 Follow *Chastel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement*, down,  
 Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thousands more ;  
 And those who hence have lately rais'd the Score ;  
 Where the *Grand Traitor* now, and all the Crew  
 Of his *Disciples* must receive their due ;  
 Where Flames, and Tortures of eternal Date  
 Must punish you, yet ne'er can expiate.  
 Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown Cruelties,  
 Such as no Wit but yours, could e'er devise,  
 No Guilt but yours deserve ; make *Hell* confess  
 It self out-done, its Devils damn'd for less.

S A T Y R





## S A T Y R III.

## LOYOLA'S WILL.

**L**ong had the fam'd Impostor found Success,  
 Long seen his damn'd Fraternity's Increase,  
 In Wealth and Power, Mischief, Guile improv'd,  
 By Popes and Pope-rid Kings upheld and lov'd :  
 Laden with Years, and Sins, and num'rous Scars,  
 Got some i'th' Field, but most in other Wars.  
 Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,  
 Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman Calender,  
 He thinks it worth his holy Thoughts and Care,  
 Some hidden Rules and Secrets to impart,  
 The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,  
 Which to his Successors may useful be  
 In conduct of their future Villany.  
 Summon'd together, all the officious Band  
 The Orders of their Bed-rid Chief attend ;  
 Doubtful what Legacy he will bequeath,  
 And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath :  
 With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below  
 To meet Commands of their dread Monarch go.

On Pillow rais'd, he does their Entrance greet,  
 And joys to see the wish'd Assembly meet :  
 They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,  
 Then a deep Silence kills th' enpetting Crowd.  
 Like Delphick Hag of old, by Fiend possess'd,  
 He snells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Breast,  
 His Bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-balls glow,  
 And from his Mouth long Strakes of Drivil flow :  
 Thrice with due Rev'ence he himself doth cross,  
 Then thus his hellish Oracles disclose.

Ye firm Associates of my great Design,  
 Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn,  
 The faithful Band, whom I and Rome have choss'd,  
 The last Support of our declining Cause ;

D

Where

Whose conqu'ring Troops I with Success have led  
 'Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head;  
 Who e'er to the mad *German* owe their Rise,  
*Geneva Rebels*, or the Hot-brain'd *Swiss*;  
 Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke,  
 And durst throw off the long-wore sacred Yoke:  
 You by whose happy Influence *Rome* can boast  
 A greater Empire, than by *Luther* lost:  
 By whom wide Nature's far-fetch'd Limits now,  
 And utmost *Indies* to its Crozier bow.

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cause,  
 Maintain our Party and subdue our Foes:  
 Kill Heresie, that rank and pois'nous Weed,  
 Which threatens now the Church to overspread:  
 Fire *Calvin*, and his Nest of Upstarts out,  
 Who tread our sacred Mitre under Foot;  
 Stray'd *Germany* reduce, let it no more  
 The incestuous *Monk* of *Wittenberg* adore:  
 Make Stubborn *England* once more stoop its Crown,  
 And Fealty to our Priestly Sovereign own:  
 Regain our Church's Rights, the *Island* clear  
 From all remaining Drege of *Wickliff* there:  
 Plot, enterprize, contrive endeavour, spare  
 No Toil, nor Pains, no Death nor Danger fear:  
 Restless your Aims pursue: Let no Defeat  
 Your sprightly Courage and Attempts rebate;  
 But urge to fresh and bolder, ne'er to end  
 Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend,  
 Till he thro' every Nation, every where  
 Bear Sway, and reign as absolute as here:  
 Till *Rome* without Controul and Contest be  
 The universal Ghostly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would give,  
 And let me to that happy Juncture live:  
 But 'tis decreed ——— at this he paus'd and wept,  
 The rest alike, Time with his Sorrow kept:  
 Then thus continu'd he ——— Since unjust Fate  
 Envies my Race of Glory longer Date,  
 Yet as a wounded Gen'ral e'er he dies,  
 To his sad Troops sighs out his last Advice,

(Who,

(Who, tho' they must his fatal Absence moan,  
By those great Lessons, conquer when he's gone)  
So I to you my last Instructions give,  
And breath out Counsel with my parting Life:  
Let each to my important Words give Ear,  
Worth your Attention, and my dying Care.

First, and the chiefest Thing by me enjoyn'd,  
The solemn'st Tie that must your order bind,  
Let each without demur or scruple pay  
A Strict Obedience to the *Roman Sway*;  
To the unerring *Chair* all Homage swear,  
Altho' a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend sit there;  
Who e'er is to the sacred Mitre rear'd,  
Believe all Virtues with the Place conferr'd:  
Think him establish'd there by Heav'n tho' he  
Has Altars robb'd for Bribes the Choice to buy,  
Or pawn'd his Soul to *Hell* for Simony:  
Tho' he be Atheist, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,  
Blasphemer, Sacrilegious perjur'd too;  
Tho' Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,  
What e'er old *Sodom's* Nest of Letchers were;  
Tho' Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'ner Parricide,  
Magician, Monster, all that's bad beside:  
Fouler than Infamy; the very Lees,  
The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-shore of Vice:  
Strait count him holy, virtuous, good, devout,  
Chaste, gentle, meek, a Saint, a God, who not?

Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heav'n have  
Pow'r to Predestinate without his Leave:  
None be admitted there, but who he please,  
Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.  
Hold those amongst the highest Rank of Saints,  
Whom e'er he to that Honour shall advance,  
Tho' here the Refuse of the Jail, and Stews,  
Which *Hell* it self would scarce for Lumber chuse:  
But count all Reprobate, and damn'd, and worse,  
Whom he, when *Gout* or *Phthisick* rage, shall curse;  
Whom he in Anger Excommunicates,  
For *Friday* Meals, and abrogating *Sprats*;  
Or in just Indignation spurns to *Hell*  
For jearing holy Toe and Pantofle.

What e'er he Says, esteem for Holy Writ,  
 And Text apochryphal, if he think fit :  
 Let arrant Legends, worst of Tales and Lies,  
 Falser than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,  
 Than *Quixote*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul* ;  
 If sign'd with sacred Lead, and Fishers Seal,  
 Be thought, authentick and canonical.  
 Again, if he ordain't in his Decrees,  
 Let every Gospel for meer Fable pass :  
 Let Right be Wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,  
 No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes :  
 Forswear your Reason, Conscience and your Creed,  
 Your very Sense, and *Euclid*, if he bid.

Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,  
 To break all God's Commands than one of his :  
 When his great Missions call, without Delay,  
 Without Reluctance readily obey,  
 Nor let your inmost Wishes dare gainsay :  
 Should he to *Bantam* or *Japan* command,  
 Or farthest Bounds of Southern unknown Land ;  
 Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,  
 Thro' Rocks and Dangers, loss of Blood, and Lives ;  
 Like great *Xavier*'s be your Obedience Shown,  
 Out-strip his Courage, Glory, and Renown ;  
 Whom neither yawning Gulfs of deep Despair,  
 Nor scorching Heats of burning Line could scare :  
 Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wrecks could make refrain  
 From propagating Holy Faith, and Gain.  
 If he but nod Commissions out to kill,  
 But becken Lives of Hereticks to Spill :  
 Let th' Inquisition rage fresh Cruelties,  
 Make the dire Engines groan with tortur'd Cries :  
 Let *Campo Flori* ev'ry Day be strow'd  
 With the warm Ashes of the *Luth'ran* Brood :  
 Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters o'er,  
 And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore :  
 Swifter than murd'ring Angels, when they flie  
 On Errands of avenging Destiny.  
 Fiercer than Storms let loose, with eager Haste  
 Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waste.  
 Sack,



Sack, ravish, burn, destroy, slay, massacre,  
Till the same Grave their Lives and Names inter.

These are the Rights to our great *Musti* due,  
The sworn Allegiance of your sacred Vow :  
What else we in our Votaries require,  
What other Gift, next follows to enquire.

And first, it will our great Advice besit,  
What Soldiers to our Lists you ought t'admit,  
To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,  
The foremost Rank of Choice is justly due :  
'Mongst whom the chiefest Place assign to those,  
Whose Zeal has mostly signaliz'd the Cause.  
But let not Entrance be to them deny'd,  
Who ever shall divert the adverse Side :  
Omit no Promises of Wealth or Pow'r,  
That may inveigled *Hereticks* allure :  
Those whom great Learning Parts or Wit renowns,  
Cajole with hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,  
Provincialships, and Palls, and Triple Crowns. }  
This must a Rector, that a Provost be,  
A Third succeed to the next Abbacy :  
Some Princes Tutors, others Confessors,  
To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors :  
These are strong Arguments which seldom fail,  
Which more than all your weak disputes prevail.

Exclude not those of less Desert, decree  
To all Revolters your Foundation free :  
To all whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Lust,  
To Need, and Popery shall have reduc'd :  
To all, whom slighted Love, Ambition crost,  
Hopes often bilkt, and sought Preferment lost,  
Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,  
Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall Proselyte :  
Those Pow'rful Motives, which the most bring in,  
Most Converts to our Church and Order win.  
Reject not those, whom Guilt, and Crimes at home,  
Have made to us for Sanctuary come :  
Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind,  
Here quick Admittance, and safe Refuge find,  
Be they from Justice of their Country fled,  
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons dy'd :



No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse :  
 From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it self broke loose  
 By this you shall in Strength and Numbers grow,  
 And Shoals each Day to your throng'd Cloisters flow.  
 So *Rome's* and *Mecca's* first great Founders did,  
 By such wise Methods made their Churches spread.

When shaven Crown and hallow'd Girdles Power  
 Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before ;  
 Enter'd, let it his first Endeavour be  
 To shake off all Remains of Modesty ;  
 Dull sneaking Modesty, not more unfit  
 For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write  
 Or trading Punks, than for a *Jesuit* :  
 If any Novice feel at first a Blush,  
 Let Wine, and frequent Converse in the Stews  
 Reform the Fop, and shame it out of Use.  
 Unteach the pulling Folly by Degrees,  
 And train him to a well-bred Shamelessness.  
 Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,  
 Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence :  
 'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,  
 Confers alone Wealth, Titles and Estate :  
 Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,  
 An Ass a Bishop, can vil'ft Blockheads rear  
 To wear red Hats, and sit in Porph'ry Chair ;  
 'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,  
 Worth, Merit, Honour Virtue, Innocence.

Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,  
 How small a Dram does the just Compound make,  
 As much as is by th' Crafty *Statesmen* worn  
 For Fashion only, or to serve a Turn :  
 To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,  
 Think it enough the empty Form to have :  
 The outward Shew is seemly cheap and light,  
 The Substance cumberfom, of Cost and Weight :  
 The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,  
 None, or but few, the Thoughts within descry.  
 Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r,  
 To stalk behind, and hit your Mark more sure :  
 A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,  
 Like it when us'd, to be with Ease thrown by :

A Shifting Card by which your Course to steer,  
 And taught with ev'ry changing Wind to veer,  
 Let no nice, holy, conscientious Ass  
 Amongst your better Company find Place,  
 Me, and your whole Foundation to disgrace :  
 Let Truth be banish'd, ragged Virtue flie,  
 And poor unprofitable Honesty ;  
 Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray,  
 To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey :  
 These lie remote, and wide from Interest,  
 Farther than Heav'n from Hell, or *East* from *West*,  
 Far as they e'er were distant from the Breast.

Think not your selves t'Austerities confin'd,  
 Or those strict Rules which other Orders bind,  
 To *Capuchins*, *Carthusians*, *Cordeliers*,  
 Leave Penance, meager Abstinence, and Prayers :  
 In lousie Rags, let Begging Fryers lye,  
 Content on Straw, or Boards to mortifie :  
 Let them with Sackcloth discipline their Skins,  
 And Scourge them for their Madness, and their Sins.  
 Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's starve,  
 Who from the Liberties of Nature swerve,  
 Who mak't their chief Religion not to eat,  
 And plac't in Nastiness, and want of Meat :  
 Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd *Ease*,  
 As if whole Nature were your *Caterers*.  
 Soft be your Beds, as those which Monarchs *Whores*  
 Lye on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors* ;  
 Your *Wardrobes* stor'd with choice of Suits more dear,  
 Than *Cardinals* on high Processions wear :  
 With Dainties load your Boards, whose every *Dish*  
 May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons* on *Vitellius Wish*.  
 Each sit a longing *Queen* : Let richest *Wines*,  
 With *Mirth* your Heads inflame, with *Lust* your Veins :  
 Such as the Friends of dying *Popes* would give,  
 For *Cordials* to prolong their *gassing Life* :

Ne'er let the *Nazarene*, whose Badge and Name  
 You wear, upbraid you with a Conscious Shame :

Leave

Leave him his slighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,  
 To stuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools* ;  
 Disdain, that he, and the poor angling *Tribe*,  
 Should *Laws* and *Government* to you prescribe :  
 Let none of those good *Fools* your *Patterns* make ;  
 Instead of them, the mighty *Judas* take :  
 Renown'd *Iscaiot* fit alone to be  
 Th' Example of our great Society :  
 Whose darling *Guilt* despis'd the common *Road*,  
 And scorn'd to stoop at *Sin* beneath a *God*.

And now 'tis time I should *Instructions* give,  
 What *Wiles* and *Cheats* the *Rabble* best deceive :  
 Each *Age* and *Sex*, their diff'rent *Passions* wear,  
 To suit with which requires a prudent *Care* :  
 Youth is *capricious*, *headstrong*, *fickle*, *vain*,  
 Given to *Lawless Pleasure*, *Age*, to gain :  
 Old *Wives*, in *Superstition* over-grown,

With *Chimny-Tales*, and *Stories* best are won :  
 'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to descry,  
 What several *Baits* to each you ought t' apply.  
 The *Credulous* and easy of *Belief*,  
 With *Miracles*, and well-fram'd *Lies* deceive :  
 Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud* ; drain  
 Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran* :  
 Sooner shall *Popes* and *Cardinals* want *Pride*,  
 Than you a *Stock* of *Lies*, and *Legends* need.

Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen,  
 Like *Play-House* *Punk* descending in *Machine* :  
 How she writ *Billet Doux*, and *Love-Discourse*,  
 Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours* :  
 How *Hosbs* distrest, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,  
 Which vanquish'd *Foes*, and murder'd at *Twelve Score*.  
 Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles* met,  
 And *Mackrel* were with *Bait* of *Doctrine* caught :  
 How *Cattle* have *Judicious Hearers* been,  
 And *Stones* *Pathetically* cry'd *Amen* :  
 How consecrated *Hives* with *Bells* were hung.  
 And *Bees* kept *Mass*, and *Holy Anthems* sung :  
 How *Pigs* to th' *Ros'ry* kneel'd, and *Sheep* were taught  
 To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat* :

How

How *Fly-flap* of Church-Censure Houses rid  
 Of Insects, which at Curse of *Fryer* dy'd :  
 How travelling Saints, well mounted on a Switch,  
 Ride *Journeys* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch* ;  
 And ferrying Cows *Religious Pilgrims* bore,  
 O'er Waves, without the help of Sail, or Oar.  
 Nor let *Xavier's* great *Wonders* pass conceal'd,  
 How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Waser* quell'd ;  
 How *Zealous Crab* the Sacred Image bore,  
 And swam a *Cath'lick* to the distant *Shore* :  
 With *Shams*, like these, the giddy *Rout* mislead,  
 Their *Folly*, and their *Superstition* feed.

'Twas found a good and gainful Art of Old  
 (And much it did our Church's *Pow'r* uphold)  
 To feign *Hobgoblins*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,  
 And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights,  
 White Sheets for *Ghosts*, and *Will-a-wisps* have past  
 For Souls in *Purgatory* unrelasht,  
 And *Crabs* in Church-yard crawl'd in *Masquerade*,  
 To cheat the Parish, and have *Masses* said.  
 By this our *Ancestors* in happier Days,  
 Did store of Credit, and Advantage raise :  
 But now the Trade is fal'n decay'd, and dead,  
 E'er since *Contagious Knowledge* has o'er-spread.  
 With *Scorn*, the grinning Rabble now hear tell  
 Of *Hecla*, *Patrick's Hole*, and *Mongibel* ;  
 Believe no more, than Tales of *Troy* unless  
 In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.  
 Henceforth be wary how such things you feign,  
 Except it be beyond the *Cape* or *Line* :  
 Except at *Mexico*, *Brasil*, *Peru*,  
 At the *Molucco's*, *Goa* or *Pegu*,  
 Or any distant, and *Remoter Place*,  
 Where they may currant, and unquestion'd pass :  
 Where never *poching Hereticks* resort,  
 To spring the *Lye*, and make't their *Game* and *Sport*.  
 But I forget (what should be mention'd most)  
*Confession*, our chief Privilege and *Boast* :  
 That Staple Ware, which ne'er returns in vain,  
 Ne'er balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.



'Tis this, that spies through Court intrigues, and  
*Admission* to the Cabinets of Kings: (brings  
 By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,  
 And make our *Foot-fools* of their *Thrones* and *Necks* :  
 Give 'em *Command*, and if they *Disobey*,  
 Betray them to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey :  
 Hound the Officious Curs on Hereticks,  
 The Vermin which the Church infest, and vex :  
 And when our Turn is serv'd, and Business done,  
 Dispatch 'em for Reward, as useless grown :

Nor are these half the Benefits and Gains,  
 Which by wise Manag'ry accrue from thence :  
 By this, w'unlock the Miser's hoarded Chests,  
 And Treasure, tho' kept close, as States-mens Breasts :  
 This does rich Widows to our Nets decoy,  
 Let us their Joyntures, and themselves enjoy :  
 To us the Merchant does his Customs bring,  
 And pays our Duty, tho' he cheats his King :  
 To us Court-Ministers refund, made great  
 By Robbery, and Bankrupt of the State :  
 Ours is the Souldiers Plunder, Padders, Prize,  
 Gabels on Leach'ry, and the Stews Excise :  
 By this our Colleges in Riches shine,  
 And vie with *Becket's* and *Loretto's* Shrine.

And here I must not grudge a Word or Two  
 (My younger *Vot'ries*) of Advice to you.  
 To you, whom Beauties Charms, and gen'rous Fire,  
 Of boiling Youth to Sports of Love inspire :  
 This is your Harvest, here secure and cheap,  
 You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap :  
 Riot in free, and uncontroul'd Delight,  
 Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite :  
 Taste every Dish of Lust's Variety,  
 Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Leachers dearly buy,  
 With Bribes, and Bishopricks, and Simony.  
 But this I ever to your Care commend,  
 Be wary how you openly offend :  
 Left scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our Shame,  
 And fix Disgrace on the great Order's Fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs  
 To ease the Burthens of her Sins, and Cares ;

When



When Youth in each, and Privacy conspire  
 To kindle Wishes and befriend Desire;  
 If she has practis'd in the Trade before,  
 (Few else of Profelytës to us brought o'er)  
 Little of Force or Artifice will need  
 To make you in the Victory succeed:  
 But if some untaught Innocence she be,  
 Rude, and unknowing in the Mystery;  
 She'll cost more Labour to be made comply:  
 Make her by Pumping understand the Sport,  
 And undermine with secret Trains the Fort,  
 Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy Dress,  
 Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace;  
 Find Opportunity her Breasts to press:  
 Oft feel her Hand, and whisper in her Ear,  
 You find the secret Marks of Lewdness there:  
 Sometimes with naughty Sense her blushes raise,  
 And make 'em Guilt, she never knew, confess;  
 ' Thus (may you say) with such a leering Smile,  
 ' So languishing a Look your Hearts beguile:  
 ' Thus with your Foot, Hand, Eye, you Tokens speak,  
 ' These Signs deny, these Assignations make:  
 ' Thus 'tis you clip, with such a fierce Embrace  
 ' You clasp your Lover to your Breast and Face:  
 ' Thus are your hungry Lips with Kisses cloy'd,  
 ' Thus is your Hand, and thus your Tongue employ'd.  
 Ply her with Talk like this; and, if sh' encline,  
 To help Devotion, give her *Aretine*  
 Instead o'th' the Rosary: Never despair,  
 She that to such Discourse will lend an Ear,  
 Tho' chaster than cold cloyster'd Nuns she were,  
 Will soon prove soft, and pliant to your Use,  
 As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let loose.  
 Credit Experience; I have try'd 'em all,  
 And never found th' unerring Methods fail:  
 Not *Ovid*, tho' 'twere his chief Mastery,  
 Had greater Skill in these *Intrigues* than I;  
 Nor *Nero's* Learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe  
 What choice Records of Lust are extant now.  
 This heretofore, when Youth, and sprightly *Blood*  
 Ran in my Veins, I tasted, and enjoy'd:

Ah those blest Days !—(*here the old Leacher smil'd,*  
*With sweet Remembrance of past Pleasures fill'd*)

But they are gone ! Wishes alone remain,  
 And Dreams of Joy, ne'er to be felt again :  
 To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,  
 To whom this Counsel and Advice I give.

But the dear Mention of my gayer Days  
 Has made me farther than I would digress :  
 'Tis time we should now in due Place expound,  
 How Guilt is after Shrift to be atton'd :  
 Enjoyn no *four Repentance, Tears, and Grief* ;  
 Eyes weep no Cash, and you no Profit give :  
 Sins, tho' of the first Rate, must punish'd be,  
 Not by their own, but th' Actors Quality :  
 The Poor, whose Purse cannot the Penance bear,  
 Let Whipping serve, bare Feet, and Shirts of Hair :  
 The richer Fools to *Compostella* send,  
 To *Rome, Monferrat, or the Holy Land* :  
 Let Pardons and the Indulgence Office drain  
 Their Coffers, and enrich the *Popes* with Gain.  
 Make 'em build Churches, Monasteries found,  
 And dear bought Masses for their Crimes compound,

Let Law, and Gospel, rigid Precepts set,  
 And make the Paths to Bliss rugged, and strait :  
 Teach you a smooth, an easier way to gain  
 Heav'n's Joys, yet sweet and useful Sin retain :  
 With every Frailty, every Lust comply,  
 T'advance your Spiritual Realm and Monarchy :  
 Pull up weak Vertues Fence, give Scope and Space,  
 And *Purlieus to out-lying Consciences* :  
 Shew that the Needle's Eye may stretch, and how  
 The largest *Camel-vices* may go thro'.

Teach how the *Priest Pluralities* may buy,  
 Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony,  
 While Thoughts, and *Ducats* will directed be :  
 Let Whores adorn his exemplary Life,  
 But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.  
 Sooth up the *gaydy Atheist*, who maintains  
 No Law but Sense, and owns no God but *Chance* :  
 Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boisterous Russian* tell,  
 He may for Hire, Revenge or Honour, kill :

Bid

Bid *Strumpets* persevere, absolve 'em too,  
 And take their *Dues in kind* for what you do :  
 Exhort the painful, and industrious *Bawd*  
 To *Diligence* and *Labour* in her *Trade* :  
 Nor think her innocent *Vocation* ill,  
 Whose *Incomes* do's the sacred *Treasure* fill :  
 Let griping *Usurers* Extortion use,  
 No *Rapine*, *Falshood*, *Perjury* refuse,  
 Stick at no *Crime*, which covetous *Popes* would scarce  
*Act to enrich themselves*, and *Bastard-Heirs* :  
 A small *Bequest* to th' *Church* can all atone,  
 Wipes off all *Scores*, and *Heav'n*, and all's their own.  
 Be these your *Doctrines*, these the *Truths* you preach,  
 Let no forbidden *Bible* come in reach,  
 Your *Cheats* and *Artifices* to impeach.  
 Lest thence *Lay Fools* pernicious *Knowledge* get,  
 Throw off *Obedience*, and your *Laws* forget :  
 Make 'em believ't a *Spell*, more dreadful far,  
 Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar*.

Happy the *Time*, when th' unpretending *Crowd*  
 No more than *I* its *Language* understood !  
 When the worm-eaten *Book*, link'd to a *Chain*,  
 In *Dust* lay moulding in the *Vatican* ;  
 Despis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none  
 But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known :  
 Then in full *Pow'r* our *Sovereign Prelate* sway'd  
 By *Kings* and all the *Rabble World* obey'd :  
 Here humble *Monarch* at his *Feet* kneel'd down,  
 And beg'd the *Alms*, and *Charity* of a *Crown* :  
 There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,  
 Poor *Scepter'd Slaves* ran *Henchboys* by his *Side* :  
 None, tho' in *Thought*, his *Grandeur* durst blaspheme,  
 Nor in their very *Sleep* a *Treason Dream*.

But since the broaching that mischievous *Piece*,  
 Each *Alderman*, a *Father Lumbar* is :  
 And every *Cit* dares impudently know  
 More than a *Council*, *Pope* and *Conclave* too ;  
 Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the *Crew*  
 Of former crawling *Sects* that *Poison* drew ;  
 Hence all the *Troubles*, *Plagues*, *Rebellions* breed,  
 We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread :

Where

Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-Coxcomb dare  
 About him that unlawful Weapon wear ;  
 But charge him chiefly not to touch at all  
 The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard, Paul* ;  
 That arrant *Wickliffist*, from whom our Foes  
 Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cause ;  
 Would he in his first Years had martyr'd been,  
 Never *Damascus*, nor the Vision seen :  
 Then he our Party 'was, Stout, Vigorous,  
 And Fierce in Chase of Hereticks, like us ;  
 Till he at length, by th' Enemies seduc'd,  
 Forsook us, and the hostile Side espous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* mist his Aims,  
 These holy Shreds had all consum'd in Flames ;  
 But since th' Immortal Lumber still endures,  
 In spite of all his Industry, and ours,  
 Take care at least, it may not come abroad,  
 To taint with catching Heresie the Crowd :  
 Let them be still kept low in Sense, they'll pay  
 The more Respect, more readily obey.  
 Pray that kind Heav'n would on their Hearts dispense  
 A bounteous and abundant Ignorance,  
 That they may never swerve nor turn awry  
 From sound, and orthodox Stupidity.

But these are obvious Things, easie to know,  
 Common to every *Monk*, as well as you :  
 Greater Affairs, and more important wait  
 To be discuss'd and call for our Debate :  
 Matters, that Depth require, and well besit  
 Th' Address and Conduct of a *Jesuit*.  
 How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what shakes a Throne,  
 How the first Seeds of Discontent are sown  
 To spring up in Rebellion ; how are set  
 The secret Snares, that circumvent a State :  
 How bubbld Monarchs are at first beguild,  
 Trapann'd, and gull'd, at last depos'd and kill'd.

When some proud Prince, a Rebel to our Head,  
 For disbelieving Holy Church's Creed,  
 And *Peter-Pence*, is Heretick decreed ;  
 And by a solemn and unquestion'd Pow'r  
 To Death and Hell, and You, deliver'd o'er :

Choofe



Choose first some dext'rous Rogue; well try'd and known

(Such by Confession your Familiars grown)  
 Let him by Art and Nature fitted be  
 For any great and gallant Villany,  
 Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,  
 Which deepest Casuists in their Searches miss,  
 Watchful as Jealousie, wary as Fear,  
 Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,  
 But close as plotting Fiends in Council are.  
 To him, in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,  
 The Worth and Merit of the Deed propound :  
 Tell of whole Reams of Pardon, new come o'er,  
*Indies* of Gold, and Blessings, endless Store ;  
 Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,  
 And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom :  
 And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn  
 On Factors there, and at first Sight paid down !  
 With Arts and Promises, like these, allure,  
 And make him to your great Design secure.

And here to know the sundry Ways to kill,  
 Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel* :  
 Dull *Northern* Brains, in these deep Arts unbred,  
 Know nought but to cut Throats, or knock o'th'  
 No Slight of Murder of the subtil'st Shape, (Head,  
 Your busie Search, and Observation 'scape :  
*Legerdmain* of Killing, that dives in,  
 And Juggling steals away a Life unseen :  
 How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,  
 And creep insensibly by Touch or Scent :  
 How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle-Pomel may  
 An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey ;  
 Above the reach of Antidotes, above the Pow'r  
 Of the sam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.  
 What e'er is known to quaint *Italian* Spite,  
 In studied Pois'ning skill'd, and exquisite :  
 What e'er great *Borgia*, or his *Sire* could boast,  
 Which the Expence of half the Conclave cost.

Thus may the Business be in secret done,  
 Nor Authors, nor the Accessories known,  
 And the flurr'd Guilt with Ease on others thrown.

But

But if ill Fortune should your Plot betray,  
 And leave you to the Rage of Foes a Prey;  
 Let none his Crime by weak Confession own,  
 Nor shame the Church, while he'd himself attone.  
 Let varnish'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocrisies,  
 Pretended Hosiness, and useful Lies,  
 Your well dissembled Villany disguise.  
 A Thousand wily Turns, and Doubles try,  
 To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:  
 Cog, sham, out-face, deny, equivocate,  
 Into a Thousand Shapes your selves translate.  
 Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,  
 Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are caught.  
 Forswear upon the Rack, and if you fall,  
 Let this great Comfort make amends for all,  
 Those, whom they damn for Rogues next Age shall  
 Made Advocates i<sup>th</sup> Churches Litany. (see  
 Whoever with bold Tongue, or Pen shall dare  
 Against your Arts, and Practices declare;  
 What Fool shall e'er presumptuously oppose,  
 Your holy Cheats, and godly Frauds disclose;  
 Pronounce him Heretick, Fire-Brand of Hell,  
*Turk, Jew, Fiend, Miscreant, Pagan, Infidel;*  
 A Thousand blacker Names, worse Calumnies,  
 All Wit can think, and pregnant Spite devise:  
 Strike home, gash deep, no Lies nor Slanders spare;  
 A Wound, tho' cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Those whom your Wit, and Reason can't decry,  
 Make scandalous with Lords of Infamy:  
 Make *Luther* Monster, by a Fiend begot, (Foot:  
 Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven  
 Make Whoredom, Incest, worst of Vice, and Shame,  
 Pollute and foul his Manners, Life and Name.  
 Tell how strange Storms usher'd his fatal End,  
 And Hell's black Troops did for his Soul contend.  
 Much more I had to say; but now grow faint,  
 And Strength, and Spirits for the Subject want:  
 Be these great Mysteries, I here unfold,  
 Amongst your Order's Institutes enroll'd:  
 Preserve them secret, close and unreveal'd;  
 As ancient *Rome* her Sybil's Books conceal'd.

Let no bold Heretick, with sawcy Eye,  
 Into the hidden unseen Archives pry ;  
 Lest the malicious flouting Rascals turn  
 Our Church to Laughter, Raillery and Scorn.  
 Let never Wrack or Torture, Pain or Fear,  
 From your firm Breasts th'important Secrets tear.  
 If any treach'rous Brother of your own  
 Shall to th' World divulge, and make them known,  
 Let him by worst of Deaths his Guilt Attone :  
 Should but his Thoughts or Dreams suspected be,  
 Let him for Safety and Prevention die,  
 And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secresy.

But one thing more, and then with Joy I go,  
 Nor urge a longer Stay of Fate below :  
 Give me again once more your plighting Faith,  
 And let each seal it with his dying Breath :  
 As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore  
 The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and swore  
 Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r,  
 Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the same)  
 An endless Hatred to the *Luth'ran* Name :  
 Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,  
 Or Truce, or Commerce with the cursed Race.  
 Now, through all Age, when Time or Place foe'er  
 Shall give you Pow'r, wage an immortal War :  
 Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your selves survive,  
 And in your very Dust, and Ashes live :  
 Like mine, be your last Gasp their Curse.—At this  
*They Kneel, and all the Sacred Volume kifs ;*  
*Vowing to send each Year an Hecatomb*  
*Of Huguenots, an Off'ring to his Tomb.*

*In vain he would continue ;——Abrupt Death*  
*A Period puts, and stops his impious Breath :*  
*In broken Accents he is scarce allow'd*  
*To falter out his Blessing on the Crowd.*  
*Amen is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,*  
*And scrambling Spirits seize his parting Soul.*

# S A T Y R I V.

*St. Ignatius's Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the Jesuits, and ridiculous Superstition of the Church of Rome.*

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,  
 Thrown out a Pissing-post for ev'ry Dog :  
 The Workman yet in doubt what Course to take,  
 Whether I'd best a Saint, or Hog-trough make,  
 After Debate, resolv'd me for a Saint,  
 And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent :  
 And well I may resemble him, for he  
 As stupid was, as much a Block as I.  
 My Right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand,  
 To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustain'd.  
 My Sword, and Souldiers Armour here had been,  
 But they may in *Manferrat's* Church be seen :  
 Those there to blessed *Virgin* I laid down  
 For Cassock, Suringle, and shaven Crown,  
 The Spiritual Garb, in which I now am shown  
 With due Accoutrements, and fit Disguise  
 I might for Centinel of Corn suffice :  
 As once the well-hung God of old stood Guard,  
 And the invading Crows from Forage scar'd.  
 Now on my Head the Birds their Relicks leave,  
 And Spiders in my Mouth their Arras weave :  
 And persecuted Rats oft find in me  
 A Refuge, and Religious Sanctuary.  
 But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e'er  
 The *Inquisition*, and it's Vengeance fear,  
 I charge, stand off, at peril come not near :  
 None at Twelve Score untruss, break Wind, or piss ;  
 He enters *Fox* his Lists, that dare transgress :  
 For I'm by Holy Church in Rev'rence had,  
 And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my Aid.

These



These Pictures, which you see, my Story give,  
 The Acts, and Monuments of me alive :  
 That Frame, wherein with Pilgrim-Weeds I stand,  
 Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land*;  
 This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,  
 When I for Grant of my great Order come :  
 There with Devotion wrapt, I hang in Air,  
 With Dove (like *Mah'met's*) whisp'ring in my Ear :  
 Here, *Virgin* in Calash of Clouds descends,  
 To be my Safeguard from assaulting Fiends.

Those Tables by, and Crutches of the Lame,  
 My great Atchievements since my Death Proclaim :  
 Pox, Ague, Dropsy, Palsy, Stone, and Gout,  
 Legions of Maladies by me cast out;  
 More than the *College* know, or ever fill  
 Quacks Wiping-Paper, and the Weekly Bill.  
 What *Peter's* Shadow did of Old, the same  
 Is fancied done by my all-powerful Name ;  
 For which some wear't about their Necks, and Arms,  
 To guard from Dangers, Sickneses, and Harms ;  
 And some on Wombs the Barren to relieve,  
 A Miracle, I better did alive.

Oft I by crafty *Jesuit* am taught  
 Wonders to do, and many a juggling Feat,  
 Sometimes with Chafing-dish behind me put,  
 I sweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-House shut,  
 And drip like any Spitch-cock'd *Huguenot* :  
 Sometimes by secret Springs I learn to stir,  
 As Paste-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire :  
 Then I *Tradesman's* Rarities out-do,  
*Sand's* Water-works, and *German* Clock-work too,  
 Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew* :  
 Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Priest  
 Instead of a Familiar possess :

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,  
 And cause Amazement in the gaping Rout.

Such Holy Cheats, such *Hocus* Tricks as these,  
 For Miracles amongst the Rabble pass :  
 By this in their Esteem I daily grow,  
 In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too:

This draws each Year vast Numbers to my Tomb,  
 More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come :  
 This brings each Week new Presents to my Shrine,  
 And makes it those of *India* Gods out-shine.  
 This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Cross,  
 Another, massie Candlesticks bestows ;  
 Some Altar-cloths of costly Work and Price,  
 Plush, Tissue, Ermine, Silks of noblest Dies,  
 The *Birth* and *Passion* in Embroideries ;  
 Some Jewels, rich as those th' *Ægyptian* Punk  
 In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk ;  
 Some offer gorgeous Robes, which serve to wear  
 When I on Holy Days in State appear ;  
 When I'm in Pomp on high Processions shown,  
 Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.  
*Lucullus* could not such a Wardrobe boast ;  
 Less those of Popes at their Election cost ;  
 Less those, which *Sicily's* Tyrant heretofore  
 From plunder'd Gods and *Jove's* own Shoulders tore.  
 Hither as to some Fair the Rabble come,  
 To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome* ;  
 Where Priests, like Mountebanks on Stage appear,  
 T' expose the Fripr'y of their hallow'd Ware :  
 This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,  
 The Shop where all their staple Drugs are made ;  
 Prescriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain,  
 All from the Church Dispensatories ta'en.

The Pope's Elixer, Holy Water's here,  
 Which they with Chymick Art distill'd prepare,  
 Choice above *Goddard's* Drops, and all the Trash  
 Of modern Quacks ; this is that sovereign Wash  
 For fetching Spots and Morpew from the Face,  
 And scow'ring dirty Cloaths and Consciences.  
 One Drop of this if us'd, had Pow'r to fray  
 The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara* :  
 This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire* Drum,  
 And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.  
 That Vessel consecrated Oyl contains,  
 Kept sacred as the fam'd *Ampoule* of France,

Which

Which some profaner *Hereticks* would use  
 For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, or Boots, and Shoes :  
 This makes the Chrism, which mix'd with Snot of  
 Priests,

Anoint young Cath'licks for the Church's lists ;  
 And when they're crost, confest, and die by this,  
 Their launching Souls slide off to endless Bliss :  
 As *Lapland* Saints, when they on Broomsticks fly,  
 By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,  
 And safe Repository of their God.  
 A Cross is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,  
 And Flies, which would the Deity bespight ;  
 And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,  
 And to lewd Scoffers Cause of Scandal give.

Here are perform'd the Conjurings and Spells,  
 For Christ'ning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers Bells ;  
 For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts and Baums,  
 Shrines, Crosses, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs :  
 Of wond'rous Virtue, all (you must believe)  
 And from all Sorts of Ill Preservative ;  
 From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm and Hail,  
 Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all,  
 Here Beads are blest, and *Pater Nosters* fram'd,  
 (By some the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)  
 Which of their Pray'rs and Orisons keep Tale,  
 Lest they, and Heav'n should in their Reck'ning fail ;  
 Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,  
 Are by Priests Breath perfum'd and sanctify'd ;  
 Made some of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow some,  
 A Gift which *Irish Emma* sent to Rome :  
 For which great Merit worthily (we're told)  
 She's now amongst her Country-Saints inroll'd.  
 Here holy Banners are reserv'd in Store,  
 And Flags such as the fam'd *Armado* bore :  
 And hallow'd Swords and Daggers kept for use,  
 When resty Kings the Papal Yoke refuse ;  
 And consecrated Ratsbane, to be laid  
 For Her'tick Vermin, which the Church invade.

But

But that which brings in most of Wealth and Gain,  
 Does best the Priests swollen Tripes and Purfes strain;  
 Here they each Week their constant Auctions hold  
 Of Relicks, which by Candles Inch are sold:  
 Saints by the Dozen here are set to Sale,  
 Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall:  
 Hither are Loads from empty Channels brought,  
 And Voiders of the Worms from *Sentons* bought;  
 Which serve for Retail thro' the World to vent,  
 Such as of late were to the *Savoy* sent:  
 Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets shorn,  
 And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn;  
 Like those, which some old Hag at Midnight steals,  
 For Witthcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,  
 Are pass'd for sacred to the cheap'ning Rout,  
 And worn on Fingers, Breasts, and Ears about.  
 This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit  
 Of good St. *George*, St. *Patrick*, or St. *Kit*:  
 These Locks St. *Bridget's* were, and those St. *Clare's*  
 Some for St. *Catharine's* go, and some for *her's*  
 That wip'd her *Saviour's* Feet, wash'd with her  
 Tears:

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here  
 Those which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*:  
 Here may you the grand Traitor's Halter see,  
 Some call't the Arms of the Society:  
 Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faun* his, not,  
 That was embezzl'd by the *Huguenot*:  
 Here *Garnet's* Straws, and *Becket's* Bones and Hair,  
 For murd'ring whom some Tails are said to wear;  
 As learned *Capgrave* does record their Fate,  
 And faithful *British* Histories relate:  
 Those are St. *Laurence's* Coals expos'd to view,  
 Strangely preserv'd, and kept alive till now:  
 That's the fam'd *Wildefort's* wondrous Beard,  
 For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant spar'd:  
 Yon is the *Baptist's* Coat, and one of's Heads,  
 The rest are shewn in many a Place besides;

And



And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,  
 As on their Belts six Operators wear.  
 Here blessed *Mary's* Milk, not yet turn'd four,  
 Renown'd like *Asses* for its healing Pow'r,  
 Ten *Holland* Kine scarce in a Year give more.  
 Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,  
 Fellow to that which once reliev'd *Poisters*;  
 Besides her Husband's Utensils of Trade,  
 Wherewith some prove that Images were made:  
 Here is the Soldier's Spear, and Passion Nails,  
 Whose Quantity would serve for building *Paul's*:  
 Chips, some from holy Cross, from *Tyburn* some,  
 Honour'd by many a *Jesuit's* Martyrdom:  
 All held of special, and mirac'lous Pow'r,  
 Not *Tabor* more approv'd for *Agues* Cure:  
 Here Shoes, which once perhaps at *Newgate* hung,  
 Angl'd their Charity that pass'd along,  
 Now for St. *Peter's* go, and th' Office bear  
 For Priests, they did for lesser Villains there.  
 These are the Father's Implements and Tools,  
 Their gawdy Trappings for inveigling Fools:  
 These serve for Baits the Simple to ensnare,  
 Like Children spirited with Toys at Fair.  
 Nor are they half the Artifices yet,  
 By which the vulgar they delude and cheat:  
 Which should I undertake much easier I,  
 Much sooner might compute what Sins there be  
 Wip'd off and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*:  
 What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each Year,  
 Or Vices treated on by *Escobar*:  
 How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,  
 Or greater Numbers by Confession made.  
 One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell  
 The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of *Hell*;  
 How far and wide th' infernal Monarch reigns;  
 How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains:  
 Who are his Ministers pretends to know,  
 And all their several Offices below:  
 How many Chaldrons he each Year expends  
 In Coals for roasting *Huguenots* and Fiends:

And with as much Exactness states the Case,  
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the Place.

Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,  
Of wild *Shimera's Limbo's Purgatories*,  
And bloated Souls in smoaky Durance hung,  
Like a *Westphalia* Gammon, or Neat's Tongue,  
To be redeem'd with Masses, and a Song.  
A good round Sum must the Deliverance buy,  
For none may there swear out on Poverty.  
Your rich and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,  
No *Fleet* or *King's-Bench* Ghosts are thence releas'd.

A third, the wicked and debauch'd to please,  
Cries up the Virtue of Indulgences,  
And all the Rates of Vices does assess;  
What Price they in the Holy Chamber bear,  
And Customs for each Sin imported there:  
How you at best Advantages may buy  
Patents for Sacrilege, and Simony:  
What Tax is in the Leach'ry Office laid  
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the Trade:  
What costs a Rape, or Incest, and how cheap  
You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep:  
How easy Murder may afforded be  
For one, two, three, or a whole Family;  
But not of *Her'ticks*; there no Pardon lacks,  
'Tis one o'th' Church's meritorious Acts.

For venial Trifles, less and slighter Faults,  
They ne'er deserve the Trouble of your Thoughts;  
Ten *Ave Marias*, mumbled to the Cross,  
Clear Scores of twice ten thousand such as those.  
Some are at Sound of Christ'ning Bell forgiven,  
And some by Squirt of holy Water driven:  
Others by Anthems play'd are charm'd away,  
As Men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.

But nothing with the Crowd does more enhance  
The Value of these holy *Charlatans*,  
Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view,  
Where spiritual Jugglers their chief Mastery shew.  
Hey *Jingo Sirs!* What's this? 'tis Bread you see;  
*Presto*, be gone! 'tis now a Deity.

Two Grains of Dough, with Cross and Stamp of Priest,  
 And five small Words pronounc'd, make up their *Christ*.  
 To this they all fall down, this all adore,  
 And strait devour what they ador'd before :  
 Down goes the tiny Saviour at a Bit,  
 To be digested and at length beshit :  
 From Altar to Close-Stool, or Jakes prefer'd,  
 First Waser, then a God, and then a —

'Tis this that does th' astonish'd Rout amuse,  
 And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse ;  
 To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight  
 His Maker make, create the Infinite.  
 None boggles at the Impossibility ;  
 Alas ! 'tis wondrous Heavenly Mystery !  
 None dares the mighty God-maker blaspheme,  
 Nor his most open Crimes and Vices blame :  
 Saw he those Hands that held his God before,  
 Strait grope himself, and by and by a Whore ;  
 Should they his aged Father kill, or worse,  
 His Sisters, Daughters, Wife, himself to force.  
 And here I might, (if I but durst) reveal  
 What Pranks are plaid in the Confessional :  
 How haunted Virgins have been dispossess'd,  
 And Devils were cast out to let in Priest :  
 What Fathers act with Novices alone,  
 And what to Punks in shriving Seats is done ;  
 Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessor,  
 To clear old Debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.  
 Oft have I seen these hallow'd Altars stain'd  
 With Rapes, those Pews with Buggeries profan'd :  
 Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Bawd,  
 Of Note, and long Experience in the Trade,  
 Has more and fouler Scenes of Lust survey'd.  
 But I these dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,  
 For fear I should the Inquisition feel.  
 Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,  
 Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies,  
 Their Cringings, Crossings, Censings, Sprinklings,  
 Crisms,  
 Their Conjurings, and Spels, and Exorcisms ;

50 SATIR IV. upon the JESUITS.

Their Motly Habits, Maniples and Stoles,  
 Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods and Cowls;  
 Should I tell all their several Services,  
 Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries;  
 Their solemn Pomp, their Pageants and Parades,  
 Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades;  
 With thousand antick Tricks, and Gambols more,  
 'Twould swell the Sum to such a mighty Score,  
 That I at length should more volum'ous grow,  
 Then *Crab* or *Sarius*, lying *Fox* or *Sto*.

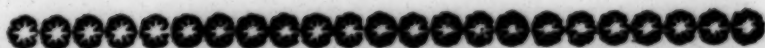
Believe what e'er I have related here,  
 As true as if 'twere spoke from Porph'ry Chair;  
 If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,  
 Let th' worst of Fates attend me, let me be  
 Pist on by Porter, Groom and Oyster-whore,  
 Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-shore;  
 Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder Plot*,  
 The sport of every sneering *Huguenot*;

There like a Martyr'd Pope in Flames expire,  
 And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

F I N I S.







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